

ARSENIC AND OLD LACE

Charge! Mrs. Kinsella has done it again — not with a Nigger thriller this time, but an amusing and charmingly gruesome tale of elderly spinsters and Elderberry wine; of gangsters and bodies in the Panama Canal.

The set was a masterpiece and was indeed a fine backdrop for the events of the play. With a wonderful old telephone, beautiful portraits from the past and an extremely useful window seat, what more could one desire? The music created an expectant atmosphere to the play from the very beginning.

Mrs. Moss and Mrs. Schiff as Abby and Martha Brewster were outstanding. They were completely natural and performed their parts with a delightful sense of humour and dramatic effect.

Mr. Cheadle as the Rev. Dr. Harper gave a polished performance and made the most of a relatively small part. Mr. Du Toit (alias Teddy "Roosevelt" Brewster) blew his trumpet and charged more convincingly than even that august President himself could have done.

Mr. Henry's portrayal of Mortimer Brewster was spirited. He was complete master of his part and one felt he was thoroughly enjoying the whole affair.

The two policemen, Mr. Temple and Mr. Dorey, brought some discipline and military bearing into the scene. I thought it especially ironical that Mr. Dorey played the part of Officer Klein. Romance and beauty also made their appearance in the form of Miss Heinze, who took the role of Elaine Harper with refreshing charm.

Mr. Anderson presented a cameo-like portrait of Mr. Gibbs — the one who got away. Mr. Harrop-Allin as Jonathan Brewster, carried his gangster dignity to the end, despite his disfigured countenance.

It is almost impossible for me to imagine a masters' play without the exuberance of Mr. Charles Mulvenna. His Dr. Einstein was excellent, full of warmth and humour. I got the impression he was enjoying his part to the full.

Mr. Ashton — Officer O'Hara — played the incompetent and somewhat loquacious police officer with spirit and gusto. One wonders if he intends to use his wicked-looking truncheon on anyone other than Mr. Harrop-Allin.

Mr. Batty, as Mr. Witherspoon, made a welcome reappearance at Boys' High. We sincerely hope that it will not be — as was his glass of wine — his last.

We were glad to see Mr. Noble has not retired from the stage; even though Lieutenant Rooney is a far cry from William Shakespeare. But, after all, variety is the spice of life!

Oh, how the boys enjoyed seeing some of their highly-esteemed masters engaged in violent conflict on the stage!

The most relaxed performance of them all was undoubtedly Mr. Denton's brilliant portrayal of the body.

We thank Mrs. Kinsella and her company for an entertaining and enjoyable evening. Please keep it up!

P. Burger,
5A.

Masters of the Drama



"... and just a pinch of cyanide." Mr. Henry (Mortimer), Mrs. Schiff (Aunt Martha) and Mrs. Moss (Aunt Abby) in a scene from this year's staff play.

(Photo: E. Braak)

EDITORIAL

The "Boys Highlights" has, in the year of debut, been well received. It has striven to present a picture of the happenings at Boys' High in 1965, and I think most will agree that it has succeeded in its aim. For the indolent who only look at the pictures, there have been charming photographs of galas and things; for the intellectual, crossword puzzles; for the interested, articles on all subjects; for the sadistic, something fresh to ridicule and criticize. So, you see the newspaper caters for all tastes. Of late, however, there has been an alarming lack of letters from across that dreary railway line.

The newspaper has attracted budding poets, and even the writings and sayings of masters have graced its pages. Nevertheless, in our publications, humility has remained the keynote — the blowing of the editor's own trumpet has been confined to the school stage.

We are confident that it will climb from strength to strength and become a regular feature of the Boys' High scene.

The newspaper has given much enjoyment to readers and producers alike, though some members of the committee have at times wondered what the purpose was of it all.

With the unflagging support of the pupils, a bright future awaits the "Boys Highlights."

P. Burger,
5A.

I VALUE THE MEMORY OF . . .

MY FOURTEEN YEARS at this school.

THE BEAUTY of the grounds.

THE DIGNITY of the old hall.

THE SIZE of the new hall.

THE SPACIOUSNESS of the new foyer.

THE WIT of Mr. Pollock.

THE VIRTUOSITY of Mr. Fair.

THE GENIUS of Walter Battiss.

THE SENSE OF DUTY of Mr. Brooks.

THE KINDLINESS of Mrs. Brooks.

THE HOSPITALITY of Mrs. Fair.

THE HARD WORK FOR THE SCHOOL of Mrs. Abernethy.

THE GENTLE RIVALRY of Masters' League Cricket and Tennis.

THE COMMUNITY SERVICE AND ACHIEVEMENT of the operas.

THE WILLINGNESS TO HELP of the boys.

THE HOMELINESS of School House.

THE "POETRY IN MOTION" of a Victor Ludorum.

THE EXCITEMENT of rugby matches.

THE GAIETY of the new foundations.

THE WISDOM of Mr. Matheson.

THE STAUNCH FRIENDSHIP of certain masters (and mistresses).

THE POWER of David Dalling's 1956 Macbeth.

THE AUTHORITY of Andrew Dalling's 1961 Brutus.

THE SPLENDOUR of Bruce Middlecote's 1961 Mark Anthony.

THE GLAMOUR of Peter Abery's 1964 Mark Anthony.

THE INTENSITY of the 1961 and 1964 citizens.

THE JOIE DE VIVRE of Mr. Pollock's 1956 cocktail party.

THE ORGANIZATION of Sports events.

THE HARD WORK of stage hands.

THE SENSE OF FUN of Boys and Staff.

THE FRIENDLINESS of the boys and staff.

THE POWER TO MOVE of the choir.

THE FORM of daily assembly.

THE SPIRIT of Friday assemblies.

THE DEDICATION of the Staff.

AND the UNDERSTANDING, the GOODNESS, the WISDOM and the STRENGTH of Mr. Abernethy.

Mr. Scully,
1965.

Television

The purple glow all pervading
Tinges avid eyes, young faces,
Their worshipping minds invading
The boxed God.

Eager they look and hear,
See moving figures, hear voices
And while the shouting groups
perform

They worship.

The light touches a littered desk
Abandoned for the set.

Westerns and ads and Pop singers'
minds arrest

TV — for life.

The set blacks out and they rise
Reluctant to their work.

Blinking, strained eyes and hum-
ming strange tunes

They leave the square dictator.

D. Kruger,
4E.

IN THEIR OWN WRITE

THE CADET CAMP AT VOORTREKKERHOOGTE

In my eagerness to fathom the mysteries of Voortrekkerhoogte I scarcely noticed the wagon wheel circle with its aloes, from where we had to continue westwards in our car.

Suddenly the camp appeared — rows and rows of square khaki tents, nestling in the shade of tall trees. It looked picturesque and exciting. Little did I or my fellow cadets realise what fun we were to have there.

Many cadets were standing around the table where they had to report before being led to their cells — I mean tents. At first, the Sergeant Major, to whom we had to report, was the centre of attraction. Everyone admired his manly and military bearing. His every movement was completed with military precision, in fact, everything about him was military — even his tan.

The first weekend (after we arrived) passed without incident. Indeed, it gave us time to take in our surroundings.

The tents were fairly big with five beds in each. Every boy was issued with four blankets (later increased to six), two sheets (heavily starched) a ground sheet which could be converted into a raincoat and a feather pillow. At night lanterns were given to us, but at 9 p.m. (lights out) they were removed. We soon became acquainted with tent pegs in the inky darkness. We stumbled over these to kiss the ground and receive honourable scars and bruises.

The showers (ice cold) were right out in the open air.

Besides our own tents, there was the officers' tent, a medical tent and a tent which served as a sick bay. We were soon to remember the sergeant major's words: „Vandag kry julle 'n pilletjie, môre kry julle 'n drille-tjie.”

Scattered among the tents were queer contraptions called "lilies." They were very useful at night — those silver, 3-stemmed, trumpet-shaped lilies. They were also very military-like — just like mortars.

The water issued to us in fire buckets froze, as well as the water in the showers. (So did we!) Therefore, to reach the water we cracked the ice with our boots and began to wash and shave. (Ouch!)

Our meals were enjoyed in a mess a quarter of a mile away and we had to "links-regs" it there every day, three times, in three columns, each boy holding on to two metal plates, a mug and eating utensils.

One cadet, who had only one plate, had his lunch and pudding served to him in the same plate. It consisted of a saltless potato, cabbage (a pale yellow colour), a mixture of two strange substances and meat, all topped with liquid jelly and lumpy custard. All this in one plate. Ugh!

Soon Monday dawned and at five o'clock we were dragged out of our ice-packs by an angry Field-Cornet. After preparations we were divided into platoons, and then the drilling began (puff, puff).

This is how it went: By the left, queeekk MARCH! Left, right, left, right, left, right, left, right, abooouut TURN! left, right, left, right — maaark TIME! (This was a favourite) left, right, left, right, PICK UP THOSE FEET YOU BLASTED sylogbuskatonly! (these words are unprintable). Left, right NO!-! THREE TIMES AROUND THE PARADE GROUND YOU BUNCH OF shrdlutaoin (again unprintable!) TRIPLE QUEEEE-(hic)EEEECK MAAAAARCH!!! left, right, left, right, leftrightleft ribhtleftrightrightleft...

During the first week there were four drill periods of about 45 minutes each in the mornings. The second week the periods were

increased to six. All commands were given in Afrikaans (the English version was given a few lines before) and were very long-winded. If a complicated command was given to our boys they smiled and said "Oh, but we have not been taught that yet!"

During the afternoons of the first week we were taught how to check, clean, load, aim and fire a .22 rifle. At last we were given the chance to shoot live ammunition, but we had to march all the way to the shooting range, three quarters of a mile away. There we waited, waited, waited, until our turn came up.

One Boys' High cadet, with an evil twinkle in his eye, held his rounds in his hand and said slowly:

"One for the Corporal, one for the Sergeant Major, one for the drill Sergeant..." Suddenly from behind him he heard the voice of the senior officer saying dryly: "You may as well add the Field Cornet!"

Night time meant guard duty, and we were armed with nothing or... a tent peg!

At times it was necessary to sleep in our uniforms — and this we did.

One night we had great fun! Earlier some boys had been in our tent making a big mess of our belongings. Now, Boys' High boys were not as weedy as they were khaki looking, so, we armed ourselves with icy water and a mug, and an excellent store of vocabulary.

All of a sudden a head appeared at the flap of the tent. "Ah!" we thought, "the culprits!" A mugful of icy water hit him in the face. He vanished. A second face appeared. This time the mug accompanied the icy water.

Fellows! Those heads belonged to two of the instructory Corporals. They were not amused! They marched us at six times the normal pace to the Staff-Sergeant. Fortunately, after explanations, the S.S. was highly amused and his uproarious laughter saved the day.

One morning it was my turn to act as the Sergeant Major to a company. Momentarily I forgot in which direction to move and hesitated, trying to get the information I required from friends close by. Out of the corner of my eye I saw the real S.M. bearing down on me like a charging rhinoceros. I froze, fearing the worst.

Well, it wasn't exactly a fatherly pat and it wasn't exactly a rugby tackle, but I found myself going the right way as if I had done it all my life! As I digested the amusement in the eyes of my fellow cadets, I remembered his angry words: "Jou lang shrdludlummel."

However, when he needed new S.M.'s or Officers, he would say: "I would like three volunteers, er... you, you and you — to replace these troop leaders and S.M.'s." Then, I consoled myself, it would be their turn to be "nudged" into place.

The camp became very dusty with cars driving up and down. Here we were very proud to belong to Boys' High, for quite a few times masters proved how human they are. It was another proof of that "something" characteristic of the school. Twice, out of the clouds of dust, the cars of masters emerged, bringing us oranges, apples and clean uniforms.

Put together the drilling we did at the camp is equal to about 2½ years of school cadets.

So on to the passing out parade.

Each boy was given a haircut to look respectable. The barber would ask: "How would you like it—" The victim would answer: "I would like a... byzzzz! rip! tear! byzz! snip! cut... a trim please."

"Next please!"

Early the last Saturday morning we had the PAY PARADE. (Smiles) S.O.'s received R7.50, all others received R3. Fifteen cents was subtracted for the "haircut."

The actual passing-out parade was very well done — the cadets were well trained and smart. They had polished deep into the night for it.

Sergeant Major Steenkamp had done his work well. All commands were obeyed like one man — clean, sharp. We swanked past our parents when taking the salute. We were proud and we hoped all those who helped to mould us were proud too.

One the whole the camp was a dusty but happy and extremely enjoyable experience. To anyone interested... try it, it's great fun. Leftrightlefttrightleft.

A. Marais, 4A.

The Moon

*The moon shines on
In celestial silence
A silver sickle
Supporting the sky.
Its beams turn night
Into merely gloom
An eerie light
Casting frightening shadows.
A dog laments
Its howls rending
The still night air.
The moon listens
And watches
Seeing love and hate
Life and death
And knowing all.*

N. Greenberg, 4A.

AN ENJOYABLE CHANGE

During the English period a few weeks ago, we had a very enjoyable change from the normal routine of Shakespeare. The class was divided up into groups of four or five people per group. Each group was required to think up a short sketch or scene to amuse the rest of the class.

One group put over a scene of a post office being robbed by bandits, while another group demonstrated how a wagon moved over the veld. A third group portrayed a typical period with one of the school's more colourful masters.

It was a delightful period and gave boys with natural talent for entertaining, the opportunity to demonstrate these talents. Altogether I think everyone thoroughly enjoyed the period, and this is an idea for masters to follow.

T. Langley, 4D.

EDDIE

The class roars with laughter, and slowly the laughter dies down. "May I tell a joke please, sir?" "Certainly," comes the answer. "Well, Sir, there was once..." Ha, ha, ha, comes the infectious forced laugh, and soon we are all in hysterics.

This is an Afrikaans period. Mr. Dorey, our teacher, and form master, is attempting to explain "Simba." I shall always remember him for his original tactics and remarks. He is tall and thick set, which is to be expected because he is the South African Judo Heavyweight Champion.

As we listen to him reading, we follow in our books, intent on trying to understand the sixteen letter words in Simba, our network book. He strides up and down the rows of desks, tapping his cane on someone's head or on a desk. Suddenly he stops reading. "What must I do when my parrot starts pecking at its feathers?" He indignantly asks a boy who recently brought him a parrot. He soon finds out that there is nothing to worry about. "But if my parrot dies, I'll tan you until you are just flesh and blood." We all collapse with laughter.

The following day and this time "taal." The passive voice is being discussed. A boy is asked to change a sentence from active to passive, but gets in a hopeless muddle. "Muscle, jou poenskap!"

The boy, suddenly red, finds something extremely interesting on his pen. Meanwhile the rest of the class is again laugh-bound.

"You might understand it better if I explain in English. You see, in the passive... Blitz-face, het julle gister die tennis gewen?" „Ja, Meneer." "Well, in the passive..." and so he continues. His ways are so different and so refreshing.

Sometimes he is serious, sometimes jovial, but always different. As a teacher he has taught me a lot, and, no doubt, taught many others in the same vein. As a master he has joked, argued and agreed with those with whom he came into contact. I shall always remember him.

P.K.M., 4D.

A WORLD OF OUR OWN

The venue is usually a hall, or a large room of sorts, preferably with a stage. To such a place I found myself attracted one Saturday night.

The faint sounds of drumming could be heard from some distance already and as I approached the noise increased steadily.

On entering the hall, the tempo had increased to such a high pitch that any human sound, besides a hysterical screech, was barely audible. When I first entered, my eyes had to get accustomed to the dim, green light which illuminated a minority area of the room.

The noise was incredible. The whole room vibrated with a pulsating, high-pitched beat, which seeped into my body, until I felt as if an unnatural spirit had bewitched me.

A dense pall of smoke enveloped the room, making breathing somewhat laboured. All over there was an atmosphere of sweating human bodies, writhing in an incessant, passionate dance. Bodies which swayed to and fro in ghostly,

mocking attitudes. Supple limbs twisted and shaken into grotesque positions.

Weird shadows danced on the walls, hair flew around in all directions and eyes gleamed in the hot, sensual excitement. There was something indescribably unnatural, something unreal about the whole atmosphere. In fact I could well have been somewhere in the dense, tropical forests of South America, witnessing some primeval, dancing rite of some native tribe untouched by civilization! I shuddered at the thought.

By now I had started to sweat profusely. I felt as if I was being choked by an invisible hand. Suddenly the beat stopped and with it the seething mass of writhing human bodies. For a moment there was an ominous silence. Everyone was regarding me fixedly. Then as if a signal had been given, the drums once again started their maddening beat, the guitars their deafening twang and the crooner once more got into his stride. I had a sudden impulse that I was fast becoming a displaced person and in a wild rush I reached the door, looked once more at the immortals dancing into infinity and then stepped back into reality.

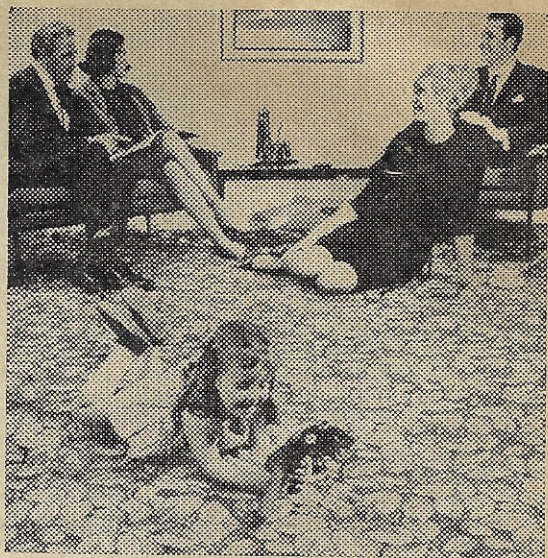
L. van Schaik, 4A.

* * *

The Doll

*Grubby hands
Wipe the tears away
While harsh sobs rack
Her fragile body.
Through a golden curtain of hair
She watches the dog,
Tongue lolling,
Tail wagging,
Not understanding,
The plaything at his paws
And then once more
He sinks his teeth
Into the tortured torso
Shredding the limbless rubber
And with it the watcher's soul.*

N. Greenberg, 4A.



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DESKS

Anyone desiring an hour's quiet entertainment is advised to spend it studying the various art forms which individuals have seen fit to inflict on the desks of the school classroom.

Undoubtedly the most popular form of art is wood carving. These carvings range from mere holes in the desk tops and sides to elaborate works of art such as coats of arms and portraits which have obviously required the individual attention of some individual working 40 minutes a day, five days a week for one of two terms.

The newer desks with smooth white surfaces are best suited to pen and pencil work. One can use them to work out columns of logarithms, draw aeroplanes and write messages to the next inhabitant of the desk.

One interesting exception to desk art is to be found in the manual training rooms. There, hammers, chisels, drills and nails are provided for all to use. What better opportunity can be found than making one's mark on a chunk of desk-wood? Yet these desks remain completely unscathed. I do not believe that this has anything to do with the masters who rule these chambers, but rather to the fact that anyone wishing to inflict his will on wood, has his own piece of timber, specially supplied on which to do it.

The reason for this apparent paradox is that there is much more interest and ingenuity attached to desk-art in classrooms, where dividers and pen-nibs are the only instruments available. When all classrooms are supplied with complete sets of woodwork instruments, desk-art will cease for the simple reason that it will be reduced to the level of a common school activity and will therefore lose its attraction. This is the only way to prevent desk-art in its various forms. Merely appealing to the populace to stop will have no effect because desk-art results from boredom and routine and these factors are not easily eliminated from the classroom.

D. J. Rees, 5A.

THE QUEENSTOWN EXPEDITION

The Captain came aft and closed the Dakota's door. The engines were warming up and as the revolutions increased, so did the excitement among the band members . . . we were off to Queenstown! After all the excitement arranging the trip, one could scarcely believe that we were really on our way. We taxied along the runway, the engines roared, we gathered speed and gently rose off the tarmac.

Two and a half hours later, descending through thick cloud, encountered over the Basutoland border, we saw the little "dorp" of Queenstown. After touching down, we scrambled into the army transport trucks and were taken to the Queenstown Agricultural Showgrounds.

That evening we gave a display in the arena at the showgrounds, after we had marched through the streets of the town. Some boys spent the night at private homes, while the others went to the Queen's College Boarding Houses.

Soon the time came for us to depart, and the next morning we were taken to the airport where the Dakota was waiting for us. We climbed aboard and after taking off, we dipped low over the little town, and as the plane climbed, our hearts sank.

Back to school!!

P. Cheney, Form 3C.

Toadstool of War

*It floated down peacefully.
Then a column of white smoke
Incredibly tidy in form —
Stood straight up.*

*At the base
It was flecked with red and orange,
And at the top
It spilled into an almost
Perfect mushroom —
And Hiroshima lay in a mass of debris.*

G. Wight.

THE DEBATING SOCIETY

The school has acquired yet another noble extra-mural institution in the not so very new debating society, which is introduced periodically by Mr. Fair, usually about spring. Quite appropriate too, because debating really spring-cleans the powers of reasoning, arguing and speech.

Our first evening of intellectual discussion took place in the invigorating atmosphere of the new common room. The evening went along at an exceptionally interesting and steady pace. No parliamentary fisticuffs! Topics under discussion were as follows: Religion versus Evolution; Has Civilization brought increased happiness to mankind? and finally, Teenager troubles.

At times when the discussion got into verbal or reasoning distress, Mr. Fair used his wide experience in these matters, to straighten things out and continually gave us very useful advice.

A Committee represented by Forms 5, 4 and 2 was chosen. Its members are Harwood, Cooper, Forbes, Kempster, Macallister, Van Schaik and Sturgeon.

On Friday evening, the 10th September, the Committee was honoured by being invited to attend an Inter-Catholic Schools debate at the Iona Convent. The topic under debate was: "Does Prefectship encourage Sadism?"

The four speakers representing Iona and Hillcrest Convents, were really outstanding. The preparation and delivery of the respective addresses were first class. I think we all realized what a lot we still have to learn. We P.B.H.S. backbenchers meekly offered our opinions, which however, were received with approval and acclamation from the very charming, but determined "suffragettes," who constituted the floor. The P.B.H.S. Prefect Body can be assured of strong opposition from Iona Convent, whose supporters firmly believe that Prefectship does encourage sadism. Strangely enough the weaker sex believe that male prefects inflict all types of brutal corporal punishment upon their inferiors!

It was by general acclaim a very enjoyable and educational evening and we all gained invaluable experience. The Judicator, Father Bona Ventura, very kindly invited the Committee to attend the next inter-school debate. We will certainly benefit greatly from these debates and the debating society will, I am sure, go from strength to strength. Anyone who has an urgent desire or impulse to express his opinions, is cordially invited to attend our society's meetings. But please, no flinging of shoes!

L. van Schaik, 4A.

COCKROACHES

"The sun beating down on your back and the green leaves gently swaying above you in the breeze and you're in the process of taking a heavenly draw of that satisfying cigarette that you have just lit . . ." This may sound to you like an excerpt from one of the many South African Railways travel brochures, but in reality it is much nearer home, in fact so close as to be on the "koppie" or the "Smokers' Mecca" as it is known to the circle of pupils who frequent the "Mecca."

Anon, (of course).

TAR ROADS

Dear Sir,
I watched with great hope and curiosity the arrival at the school of the roads department. At last, or so I thought, they were going to tar the cycle path.

Much to my dismay I saw them leave again — having tarred almost every other road in the school except our cycle path.

I and my fellow sufferers have long awaited a decent puncture-proof cycle path.

C. Abbott, 3D.

ON BUYING A TIE

The other day I went into town to buy a tie. If any of my readers has ever tried to buy a tie with 57½ cents he will know my plight. I entered a respectable looking establishment in Andries Street and explained to the assistant that I wished to purchase a tie. He brought out some ties that he said would last forever. (They would have to, too, as it would take me about that long to pay for one.) I explained that something a little cheaper would be more in my line. After going right through the range, I eventually mentioned my financial limitation. He looked at me as though I was mad and in a faintly sarcastic tone explained that ties for 57½ cents were unobtainable.

I was about to leave when I noticed his tie. I asked the price. He flushed a little and asked me to move on. I told him that it was exactly the tie I wanted and pestered him until he eventually pulled out its double. He looked rather sheepish when he told me that the price was exactly 55 cents.

T. Langley, 4D.

CIVILISATION

The average length of the world's great civilizations has been 2,000 years. Nineteen of twenty-one known civilizations died, not from an enemy, but from internal decay.

These nations and their professions progressed through this sequence: from bondage to spiritual faith; from spiritual faith to great courage; from great courage to liberty; from liberty to abundance; from abundance to selfishness; from selfishness to complacency; from complacency to apathy; from apathy to dependency and from dependency back again to bondage.

L. van Schaik, 4A.

(Information from Rotary Club of Sioux Falls, South Dakota, U.S.A.)

WHY IS THERE NO FORM SPIRIT?

When I first came to this school from the United States, I felt that something indefinable was missing. After I had become more accustomed to your schooling, I sensed the lack of spirit and rivalry among the forms. If this rivalry could be given a boost, the school spirit would also improve.

This school has more extensive grounds than most American schools and the boys have a lot more spare time. But to be honest, I think that schools in the States have much more spirit than you have. It seems to me that the boys here, although they are proud of their school, have very little spirit.

To improve the situation, I believe that each form should have a president, a class council, and a treasury. Each form should have a leader to approve of, or reject, ideas and proposed activities. The president should know what is being done and correct it if it is wrong. The class council passes ideas and criticisms on to the president. I also think that the form should try and earn some money by its activities. This money could be used mainly to finance other activities and a small portion can be given to the school.

By doing this in the States we collected enough money in a year to erect flood-lights around our football field. During the football season on thirteen Friday nights in a row, our games drew crowds of up to 15,000. We charged 50 cents for scholars and 1 dollar for adults. In a few years we had also paid 20,000 dollars for an athletics track.

Money can also be earned by holding dances, mostly after the football games, and by having raffles, sales, and presenting plays. Inter-form games will boost class spirit if they are held during school hours.

As I mentioned earlier, the profits should not go to the school because the forms would then have

no incentive to collect money for various projects.

Collecting money and improving and beautifying the school will really foster a healthier school spirit and students will be doing something to be proud of, something which no other form has done previously. The only thing wrong with an old, established school with a wonderful past is that the students feel that there is not much to be done and they are therefore prepared to rest on their school's laurels.

There is a lot of dead wood in this school because no-one has the nerve to suggest any innovations which would come in conflict with the traditions of the school. This school should not just remember its past but should also pay attention to the present and more important, to the future.

S. Cullen, 4D.

Night Errand

*The icy wind was groaning,
The rising moon was white,
The dark yet quiet bombers were,
Refueled and checked for flight.*

*In tight formation slow they rose,
O'er marshes damp and cold,
Their throbbing engines to the towns,
A bitter story told.*

*And in the light of a silver moon,
The enemy attacked,
With flaming guns and ripping steel,
They warded off the pack.*

*Then came the groping fingers,
Searching through the night,
They madly dived — and once again,
To flee the seeking light.*

*Now the bursts of orange,
The buffet of the flak,
The deadly cargo hurtles down,
The bombers now turn back.*

*The bomber crews are thankful,
Success is theirs this night,
But down amongst the rubble,
A child has lost his sight.*

D. R. H. Wright, Form 1D.



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A MESSAGE FROM THE HEAD PREFECT

Perhaps it is only natural for every boy to eagerly await the arrival of his last school day. It is something that I have looked forward to, and yet now, with only a few more weeks of school, I am filled with a deep feeling of sadness at the thought of leaving Pretoria Boys' High.

I have thoroughly enjoyed my years at the school and when I leave, I will take many memories with me. I will remember my first day at the school, my amazement at the size of the school and my fear of the stern looking masters in their flowing gowns. I will always remember the Friday Assemblies, especially in the old hall, when after a rousing hymn, the service culminated in the School Prayer to the solemn accompaniment of the school chimes. The moving Remembrance Day Service with the clear trumpet calls from the two towers, and of course the excitement of the Sports field.

That long moment as the rugby ball hangs poised in the air while the opposing forwards charge down on you; the slight feeling of nervousness as the bowler runs up to the crease; the finish of an exciting race; the never ending cross-country course . . .

I think that the thing that has impressed me most at the school is the Master-boy relationship. The Masters, who give up many hours of their time to the boys, are never above joining in a laugh or joining in the actual game. Our Masters League Cricket and Tennis are most enjoyable and a master, joining in a Rugby practice, invariably quickens the pace of the game! Something else that I have enjoyed and appreciated have been the Staff plays — real master pieces of Drama.

At the school there is something for everybody, whether it be acting, debating, bridge, photography, chess or any branch of sport, to name only a few. I feel that to enjoy school life to the full, one must take part in some of these activities. This is something some of our day boys may well think about.

The alterations at the school have finally been completed and the builders leave the school improved and beautiful and something to be proud of. The Classrooms have been repaired and painted and even re-numbered, but for me, Room 8 will always remain Room 4 and Room 27 will remain Room 26.

Gordon Hay,
Form 5A.

SESSIONS

Sir,
It is my opinion that there is not enough social activity at the school and I suggest that we hold "sessions" there at regular intervals. For the ignorant, a session is an informal public dance where an entrance fee of between thirty and fifty cents is charged. A guitar group supplies the music, and cool-drinks are sold.

There are boys in our school who play in some of Pretoria's best bands, and I am sure that they would accept a chance to play. They could be paid out of the entrance fee, and the rest of the profits could go towards the school-fund.

If it is possible to hold these functions, I will gladly help to organise them.

Yours faithfully,
M. Rosman,
4A.

The Editor,
Boys' Highlights,
Dear Sir,

I would like to bring to your attention the bad state of our tennis courts. One's shot is upset to a certain extent when one's foot suddenly lands at the bottom of a manhole and it is awkward to continue playing with a foot facing the wrong direction.

All hopes of becoming a famous tennis star are dashed to pieces with the very next shot played. It is not through one's own carelessness that the ball appears to have a terrific spin on it when it hits the side of a Kimberley hole increasing in depth and size.

I think it would be greatly appreciated by the tennis players of the school if the surface of the courts were improved.

S.H.,
VG.

LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

THE OLD BOYS' PRIZE

Dear Sir,
Mr. Abernethy's idea of having guest speakers at the Friday assemblies has been much appreciated throughout the school. One Friday the school had the privilege of listening to Mr. Colin Ritson, the chairman of the Old Boys' Association.

Mr. Ritson explained to the boys the requirements necessary to achieve the "Old Boys' Prize". He said that the Association based the award not only on a person's academic or sporting ability, but also on the character and potentiality of the person. He continued to say a few words about the Old Boys' Association of which he has been the chairman for some years.

Mr. Ritson then presented the award, a book token to the school's head prefect, Gordon Hay. He added that the Association considered Gordon as the matriculant who would go furthest in life. Gordon, his face red and beaming, thanked Mr. Ritson. He was then also invited to the Old Boys' Dinner held on Saturday, November 6th.

Mr. Ritson is an old boy of the school. Many years ago he was a prefect in what he probably regards as the "Old School."

The congratulations of the school has not yet been conveyed to Gordon Hay so . . . Congratulations Gordon on a fine achievement. You deserve it!

Yours sincerely,
B. Forbes,
4E.

IMPROVING THE TUCKSHOP

Dear Sir,
When will something be done about the tuck-shop and the method in which boys are served there? I would like to make suggestions that will make the tuck-shop a more pleasant place:

1. The tuck-shop is not the local market where everybody shouts at each other. When boys are waiting to be served, they can wait their turn instead of shouting at the unfortunate person who may be behind the counter.

2. Instead of having to push and shove, which is the common practice, I suggest that a rail be put in front of the counter with an entry on the one side and an exit on the other. In this way boys will be served more quickly and there will be no confusion as to who is next in the queue. (I suggest that the boys stand in a queue, like at other schools and public places before entering behind the rail.)

3. The tuck-shop could be such a peaceful and refreshing place after coming from the dreariness of the classrooms. The only way in which this can be accomplished is if there are a few benches placed in the vicinity of the tuck-shop.

I am sure that it will be greatly appreciated by one and all if these "reforms" at the tuck-shop are carried out.

Thank you,
"Nic Nelson."

PRO SOCCER

Sir,
I am going to explain why soccer should be allowed in high schools.

I disagree in the first place with those who claim soccer is a sissy's game as it is played in many schools on the East Rand which is a pretty rough and ready community.

Secondly I feel that if both soccer and rugby were allowed there would be more "school-spirit" because at the present many soccer-loving boys play for professional clubs as colts and lose touch with the school. They are then referred to as "dead wood" — unfairly.

So I think that soccer should be allowed and that if it were the so-called "dead-wood" would show greater interest in school activities.

N. Thomas,

THE SCHOOL COUNCIL

Dear Sir,

I am one among many who feel that the newly established school council is something to be appreciated by the boys of the school. I had not heard of such a system before ours started and I am sure that it is unique in this country.

Although I fully approve of it I feel that there are a few boys in the school who regard the period used for discussion of council topics as a free period.

In my opinion the reason most boys pay little attention to the class debates is that their ideas are dismissed too easily and with little or no discussion. The boy immediately tries to get his revenge and starts making wise-cracks. If more rigid discipline was observed and more attention paid to boys' ideas, the quality of the debates would improve.

J. McMurray,
4D.

EXAMINATIONS AND FAILURES

Dear Sir,

Would you please publish my thoughts which are supported by many pupils at our school.

I think it is absolutely ridiculous that we have to write our final exams, on which so much depends, in a period of four days. That means that we are tested on two subjects a day, during the hottest period of the year. To add to the confusion, we write up to the last day of term. In no other school is this system used.

I am sure that if we were tested on two or three subjects a week the number of failures at Boys' High will drop dramatically.

Failure,
4G.

THE BAND

Dear Sir,

There is something that has baffled me for some time now; it is the poor support of the school for the band. Everyday there are notices read out at Assembly regarding rugby or tennis or swimming or cricket practices, times and results — but nothing of our Bugle Band and their achievements.

In the magazine there was not even a photograph of them. I would like to bring to the knowledge of the school that the Bugle Band is as famous as our rugby and cricket teams in S.A., if not more.

Having been in the Band myself, I know what a bandsman and master has to go through during practices and performances. In spite of the school's poor support they are only second to one band in S.A. — are our rugby, cricket and tennis teams that famous?

Anon,
3D.

Sir,
Re: "SWOP FOR A NEW SISTER SCHOOL"

If the author of the article in question expects the Girls' High School to rise up in indignation, he will be disappointed. As far as we are concerned, we would welcome the change.

We remain,
Yours Sincerely,
Sandra, Jennifer and Stephanie,
Girls' High School.

MANY THANKS FOR SERVICES RENDERED

Dear Sir,

We should like to express our appreciation of the co-operation of certain inmates of the institution across the railway line in lending their rugby jerseys for our form hockey match. Our team was undoubtedly inspired by them to win the form matches.

Yours sincerely,
Std. 9A,
P.G.H.S.



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DE JONG

DAY BOYS AND SCHOOL SPIRIT

Dear Sir,
This is a school of proud traditions and of an excellent reputation both on the sporting fields and in the classroom. But there is one factor which is degenerating and harming the spirit and pride of the school and that is the lack of interest which the day-boys show in their school.

Throughout this year I have overheard and been informed by disgusted and shocked parents and visitors what they think of our precious school spirit. Just lately at a First Team Rugby match, one lady remarked that she could well have been at a funeral, so disinterested and spiritless did the pupil spectators react. Mind you, half the spectators were parents! It is absolutely pathetic that those 800 day-boys cannot muster up enough feeling, enthusiasm and spirit to come and cheer their side on. A bit of cheering does help to raise the morale of the team!

Take swimming and athletics for instance. I myself feel most embarrassed when I see the parents cheering on the competitor. Now and again you hear a faint murmur or cat-call, which you gather comes from a very minute and disorganized group of day-boys. The boarders at least manage to sing a song of sorts! I now refer to the annual inter-house athletic meeting. Those who come, sit dumb, immobile and with a blasé, indifferent look upon their faces. That grand old warrior, Mr. Logie, once remarked that he had never felt so disillusioned after attending such a meeting. How I agree with him — I was a competitor!

Now I did not say nothing is being done about this. Sure enough, everytime there is a school council discussion, this topic of improving day-boy spirit is raised and discussed. But is anything accomplished? Absolutely everything which stands for nothing! All you discover is that more are participating in soccer or snooker.

Something has got to be done about these "dead-wood" whose day at school ends at 1.35 p.m. Sometimes I really admire those superior boarders who valiantly struggle to keep the waning school spirit from completely fading into nothingness. Let this be an appeal to those day-boys. Let us show the boarders that the majority leads. Help to raise the morale, spirit, pride and ideals of our school!

L. van Schaik,
4A.

A PUBLIC TELEPHONE

Dear Sir,

Last year the question of having a public telephone in the school building was discussed by the school council. To my knowledge almost every class was unanimously in favour of the idea.

My opinion, supported by that of many others, is that a public telephone would be an asset to the school. It would be of obvious use to boarders, and I am sure that the day boys would also welcome it. I have often seen boys waiting for hours for someone to fetch them.

At school functions, such as operas and debates, a telephone is just as indispensable as at a public theatre or cinema. A small telephone booth would be in nobody's way if it was placed on either side of the main entrance to the school building or at the bottom of the centre staircase or just outside the west door of the school gallery. It would be very little trouble for the builders, who are still at work in the school, to instal a booth.

Should the idea be sanctioned, I am sure that the telephone would be looked after, as it is in the interest of everyone to keep it in working order.

Yours sincerely,
G. Hofmeyr,
4A.

BUTCH IN THE LINE-OUT



E. Braak's photograph won the award for the best action shot in the photographic competition of 1965.

It's worth it — if you got it at

HAMILTONS

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LABOUR

Slowly and with painstaking movements, Grummer, the old female crocodile, had dug the nest. Clawing and scraping, she had loosened the earth with her foreclaws and scattered it behind her with a powerful sweep of her tail. It demanded many hours of toil and her strength waned considerably. When she had excavated sufficiently, she lay still, meditating quietly.

Many times before had she opened this particular lump of compost. Every year she returned to the same spot to lay her eggs and protect her young. She sensed what was about to happen and was eagerly awaiting it. She looked forward to seeing the tiny scaled infants swarming around her again. She knew that her time had come.

JAZZ

"Music appeals to nearly all mankind, regardless of its degree of civilization, and has done from the beginnings of existence. Music is versatile, for it adapts itself to almost every human experience — love, hate, joy, sorrow, virtue and vice. Music is powerful, for it can shake these very passions and turn our hate to love, our sorrow to joy, our vice to virtue. Music is untranslatable, inexplicable, in spite of the greatest writings of the greatest men. Music appeals to the physical, emotional and intellectual, the three dimensions of man's human existence."

I would like to discuss a rather interesting branch of music, namely jazz, which I am sure does not mean very much to most of us. Some people tend to classify all modern popular music under the general heading of jazz, but this is not altogether right.

Jazz is a different kind of music which had its origin in America. Until the time of the official abolition of slavery in America, an uncounted number of African slaves entered America in a steady stream, and with them they brought the memory of their musical traditions. It is this African music that forms one of the basic ingredients of jazz.

We are all aware of the fact that African music is extremely

rhythmical, so the first thing that makes jazz different from European music is a worship of rhythm. Although rhythm is present in almost all music, in classical music it is only one element among many, for to some composers the effects of harmony have been more interesting than either rhythm or melody. Some music lovers think that this emphasis on rhythm, which is found in jazz, is a little primitive, but there are many who find it interesting and conducive to movement.

Eventually the Africans came into contact with European instruments and especially old military band instruments, such as cornets and trombones, and because of their lack of knowledge of music they produced a music that was peculiarly rhythmical. This music became known as jazz. The piano came into jazz much later, and even later came the saxophone, which eventually became the main jazz instrument.

So it was, that this music with its un-European accent, came into being, and today we are privileged to enjoy the performance of the world's top jazz exponents: Louis Armstrong, Count Basie, Benny Goodman and Ella Fitzgerald.

R. S. McAllister,
Form 4A.

* * *

The Coming

*A dozen chickens squawk
Their futile rage
At the strange intruder,
While, wide eyed with wonder
Black children scurry to safety.
Old men watch in awe,
Some too weak to run
All too proud.*

*The thing no longer
Moves or roars.*

*A mangy dog ventures nearer,
Sniffs, then waters
His contempt on it.
Mothers stare
Waiting
Fearing —
The thing opens
And a man jumps out.
Civilization has arrived.*

N. Greenberg,
4A.

I SHALL ALWAYS REMEMBER HIM

He is a man of medium build with grey-white hair. He did not dress well nor did he raise his voice often, but he did have a deadly forearm swing. We called him Stirling Moss because he would never drive his Volkswagen at a speed exceeding thirty five miles per hour. He had his abode where Mr. Ilsley now takes his classes.

The man, of course, is Joe Starker, who gave up teaching at the school last year to farm at Nelspruit. The first time I met Joe was in form three. I can still remember the occasion when I walked into his classroom and took my place at the back of the room. For the first half of the period he simply stood in front of us behind the demonstration desk, surveying what had just "piled" into his classroom, after which, in his slow manner, he took out a rubber hose-pipe from his case and placed it on the desk. Then he spoke as though he had all the time in the world.

"You see this?" he asked.

We all peered forward and answered in the affirmative. "Well, this is a catalyst, which is something that helps a reaction to take place in other bodies without changing itself."

He smiled at us in a cynical way and continued. "If you don't learn, this catalyst will make you sit in boiling water to cool off and if you don't like it, tell Dad to come and see me and I will tell him why."

For two years he taught me and in all that time, he merely had to take it out of the case and everyone was quiet because Joe was a hard hitter when he occasionally became exasperated.

Last year, when we heard that he was leaving the school, my heart nearly stopped because there was not a science period of his that I did not enjoy. I can remember the time when he stepped on to the stage to address the assembly on the last day of school. He spoke in the same quiet manner. Because the tone of his voice seemed to be sad and nostalgic and as he spoke, a lump appeared in my throat and then I realized how much I liked Joe Starker and his peculiar ways.

A. Cronje,
5G.

12 GREEN BOTTLES

I had 12 green bottles of Scotch in my house, and my wife told me to empty them down the sink or else . . . So I proceeded with the unhappy task.

I withdrew the cork from the first bottle, and poured the contents down the sink with the exception of one glass which I drank. I extracted the cork from the second bottle, and did likewise with the exception of one glass which I drank. I withdrew the cork from the third bottle and poured the good old booze down the sink with the exception of one glass which I drank. I then pulled the cork from the fourth sink and poured the bottle down the glass which I drank. I then pulled the bottle from the cork of the next and drank one sink of it and threw the rest down the glass. I pulled the sink out of the next glass and pulled the cork down the bottle. I then pulled the next cork from my throat, and poured the sink with the glass, bottled the sink and drank the pour.

When I had everything emptied, I steadied the house with one hand and counted the bottles and corks and glasses with the other. There were 29. To be sure I counted them again and when they came by, I had 74, and as the house came by, I counted them again. Finally I had all the houses and bottles and corks and glasses counted, except for one house and one bottle, which I drank.

I am not under the influence of incohol, as some think I am, nor am I half so drunk as they think I am, but I fool so feellish when I don't know who is me, and the drunker I stand the longer I get.

The Nuts of IH.

THE MAD WORLD

What is this world coming to? It is becoming a mad, mechanised world. A world that will destroy itself with the problems it has created.

We live in a time when there is enough in the world for everybody's need, yet millions go hungry and homeless, while too many have too much. We reproduce too prolifically and refuse to stop even though there are already too many people for a planet this size. We eat food that is doused with more and more artificial preservatives and stimulants.

Have any of you ever realised that in this century we have spent the major portion of our economy in preparation for mass murder all in the name of peace?

One of the most pathetic ideas which govern us today, is the contempt held for tradition and morality. It is shown perhaps to the greatest extent amongst the younger generation, in fact there are some at this school who can be classified in this ignorant, pathetic and harmful group. By contempt of tradition and morality I mean the scorn that is held for "old-fashioned" ideas, ideas which the "old man" preaches every night. It is thought clever to be unethical, modern to be insolent and old-fashioned to be honest. This expanding group behaves like animals and they seem astonished when the darkness envelops them.

But do we do anything constructive about this? No! We have the knowledge and ability but we do not use it. We are also afraid of public opinion to speak out and combat this cancer. We are already too close to becoming atomic rubbish and therefore it one of us thought and acted to is about time that each and every benefit of humanity. This is not easy by any means but it can be done. If we want to stop atomic war, stop building weapons. This mad world can become sane — only if we act like humans.

L. van Schaik,
4A.

SURFING

The pale, creamy head of the wave spilled evenly over its jade

HOLZERS

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THE DIFFICULTY

Every third Tuesday evening Ruth Hall attended a lecture on child guidance sponsored by the Child Welfare Society. She hated these lectures. All the other women seemed content and self assured. Her own trouble with her fifteen-year-old daughter Linda appeared much more serious than the complaints which were discussed.

The supper dishes lay unwashed in the sink. It had been Linda's turn to wash up, but as usual the only chore which she had to do, had been forgotten. Or had it? Ruth suddenly wondered if Linda had purposely forgotten, in order to spite her. She took a step towards the pile of crickery. Then turned and with compressed lips, walked down the passage to her bedroom.

Linda would soon be home. Ruth stood at the window and looked out onto the gathering dusk. She was a gentle, kindly woman with deep green eyes. Her soft brown hair done in a bun in the nape of her neck, showed traces of grey. She was longing for, yet dreading her daughter's return.

She glanced at her watch and then sank onto the bed. Perhaps she could rest for a few minutes before Linda came in. She remembered that Linda had not done her work. The easiest solution she supposed, would be to wash up herself. But that wouldn't be fair to Pat. Pat always did her chores methodically and willingly.

Sighing heavily, she wondered whether the Tuesday lectures were worth the effort. Nothing was ever said that helped in the least. Whenever she spoke to Joan she could see that Mrs. Patterson was the perfect mother. Why wasn't she? What did Mrs. Patterson do that she didn't? Ruth closed her eyes and suppressed the desire to burst into tears. She knew now, that thinking this way had done much to deepen her depression.

All at once she was awakened by the sound of the front door being opened and closed. She lay still, listening carefully. If Linda walked lightly, things might not be too bad. However, if her tread was heavy and her books crashed down onto the floor, the evening was doomed.

A heavy tramp sounded on the stairs. The books hit the ground with a deafening thud. Ruth murmured a small prayer to herself and moved slowly to the door.

Linda was lying on her bed, her head buried in her arms. "How did the lesson go, darling?" asked Ruth.

"Did you go?" said Linda.

"Go where?"

"To the stationers. I suppose you didn't. I might have known. I asked you about forty times this morning. I . . ."

"Darling give me a chance. As it happens I did go and I got them too."

"Did you get green envelopes like I told you?"

"No there . . ."

"I knew it, I knew it. You never do anything you're told. I nagged you again at breakfast, didn't I? Of course . . ."

"If you'll just listen one minute while I explain."

"Oh, never mind." Linda buried her head deeper into her arms.

"I went to the stationers in town too. The only colour they had was yellow and . . ."

"Yellow." Ruth was fixed with an icy stare. "Yellow! But I used yellow last. Do you suppose I want everyone to think that that's all I ever use. Yellow's the cheapest too. Whew! I've never heard of anything quite so silly."

Ruth hurriedly changed the subject. "I bought you some grape-fruit today dear," she said. "The kind you like. Do you want one now?"

Linda mumbled behind her crossed arms.

"What did you say?"

"I never said a word. Get out of here and leave me alone, for goodness sake."

Ruth could feel two bright crimson spots burning on her cheeks. "Your attitude is wonderful," she remarked. "Do say something else, just for me."

Linda jumped up and strode downstairs, into the dining-room. "For the Lord's sake leave me alone," she repeated. She sat on the table and began to sob.

Ruth was enveloped in a mist of despondence. Mustering all her dignity, she walked stiffly to the kitchen. "Something like this happens every day," she muttered. "It just can't go on."

Standing in front of the stove, she stirred the milk for their coffee vigorously. She was always rough when she was upset. She made a sudden angry movement with the spoon and the pot plunged to the ground. Tears of self pity came into her eyes. "I can't do anything right," she almost screamed. "Nothing ever turns out right."

She could feel her depression rising again and with an effort, tried to overcome it.

Pat suddenly ran in. Her light blue slacks were dirty and torn. Her jersey showed a new hole and there was a smudge on her cheek. Her short curly hair was tousled and windswept. She flung her arms around Ruth's neck and gave her a warm hug. "Hi, mom," she cried. "I'm sure sorry I'm so late. Sandra and me were having a fab. time. She's got spans of new silkworms. She was showing me them."

"That's all right dear," said Ruth. "Just look what I've gone and done to the milk."

Pat's eyes widened as she saw the mess. "Let me clean it up for you," she suggested and went for a cloth.

Ruth, quite happy again, watched her gay return. "I'll never have to go through with her what I've gone through with Linda," she thought. "Pat will at least be a pleasure to me."

Linda drifted into the kitchen. She gazed at Pat mopping up the spilt milk, but made no sign of going to help her. Ruth was irritated by her smirking don't care look. She saw her stroll to the fridge, open it and take out an apple. On an impulse she spoke. "Aren't you going to help Pat clean the floor?" She could have bitten her tongue out the next moment.

"No!" said Linda in a deadly cold voice. "Why should I? Was I the one who upset the damn pot? I suppose it was you again. You're about the clumsiest person I've ever set eyes on."

Pure anger flooded Ruth and she choked out, "Linda!"

"Yes?"

"Get out of this room."

"What?"

"I said, get out of this room."

"Huh, alright I'm going."

She stalked out through the door.

Just then the doorbell shrilled. Ruth went over and opened it, first switching on the outside light.

It was Joan Patterson. Her blonde hair was done up in a high chelsea knot and it gleamed brightly in the porch light. Her lips which had been coloured with a pale orange lipstick, were crowned by her long curling eyelashes lightly touched with mascara. She looked a real angel.

Ruth smiled broadly at her. "Hullo Joan," she said. "Do you want Linda? I'll go and call her."

"Oh no, Mrs. Hall, you sit down. I know the way just fine. After all . . ."

"That you, Joan?" suddenly yelled Linda. She ran in and grabbed her friend's arm. "Come and see my new boots. Dad got them for me and they're fab."

"Okay," said Joan. "Excuse me please Mrs. Hall." She walked past Ruth and followed the girl up the stairs.

Ruth could not get this latest development out of her mind. She opened a book and tried to read but the vision of Linda's almost savage face as Joan spoke to her, Ruth, kept appearing and reappearing before her. "My own daughter hates me," she thought. "What in Heaven's name am I to do?"

She was still meditating sorrowfully when the telephone rang. Picking up the receiver, she put it to her ear. "Hullo. What is speaking?" she queried.

"Good evening," answered a rather affected voice. "This is Mrs. Patterson speaking. As you know, I have recently been elected chairman for the society and it is my duty to inform you that there is to be a very interesting lecture tomorrow night — at the city hall. Unfortunately the speaker cannot be here next Tuesday, so it will have to be tomorrow. Can you come?"

"Oh yes," said Ruth. "What time please?"

"Seven o'clock sharp. I believe he's very good."

"Who is?"

"The speaker."

"Oh of course. Thank you. I'll definitely be there."

The phone went dead and Ruth put it down softly. She was feeling better. Perhaps she would hear something at the meeting that would help her with her difficulty.

The following evening at seven found Ruth, seated as usual in the back row of the town hall.

A Mrs. Patterson stood up and addressed the audience. "Ladies and gentlemen," she began. "I am not going to say anything except to introduce the gentleman on my right to you. He is Mr. Gardiner who has come a long way to delight us with a talk, which I hope will help to solve some of our many problems."

"I will not say any more so as to allow Mr. Gardiner to proceed as soon as possible. Mr. Gardiner!"

The man got up and at once a storm of clapping broke out. When the hall was silent again, he spoke. "Mrs. Patterson, ladies and gentlemen. I can assure you that it is a great pleasure for me to be here tonight in this beautiful hall. When I was requested to deliver a lecture on . . ."

He mentioned ideas that were completely new to most and inspired the whole assembly to go back home and begin again.

Ruth was very struck by him and even before he had finished, she determined to be much more patient with Linda and try to understand her better.

As she walked home, his last words kept ringing in her ears. She turned them over and over in her mind. . . . and always remember that they will change. Never feel that you have failed because although you may not think it, all teenage children are the same as your own. They are going through a perfect normal phase. I, in my experience, have seldom known this difficult period to continue for more than two years. At . . ."

"Two years!" Ruth smiled to herself. "Linda has given me trouble for two and a half years."

Somewhere upstairs Linda was singing, actually singing. On opening the door, Ruth stopped short and stared round in bewilderment.

A patter of footfalls thudded on the stairs and a moment later Linda burst in. "Hullo mom," she called. "I've been waiting and

waiting for you. Guess what? I won a pair of shoes at school. You know the competition I brought home four weeks ago? Well I entered and I won it and just look at my prize. Aren't they absolutely fabulous?"

"Beautiful! darling," said Ruth, feeling rather dazed. "How clever of you."

"Thank you," laughed Linda. "While you were away I washed up. I suppose it's about the first time I've done it without you nagging at me." She grinned widely at her. "I even dusted the lounge for you. Pat wouldn't help me. It looks fine, doesn't it?"

"Yes," whispered Ruth. "Where's Pat? I'll go and find her." She stumbled towards the kitchen, wondering whether she could possibly be dreaming. Her fingers trembling with suppressed joy, groped for the handle.

Pat was sitting at the kitchen dresser writing. Her pen poised above her pad jerked violently as Ruth came in suddenly behind her. She glared at the blue line which had run over the paper.

"Hi! Freckles," teased Ruth. "Did I startle you?"

"Just look what you've made me do, you clumsy thing," retorted Pat. "In future, don't come pestering me when I'm busy and for goodness sake don't call me Freckles."

"Okay, I won't if you don't want me to," said Ruth surprised. "You've never minded before."

"Well I do now. I'm sick to death of being treated like a child."

"Pat dear! What's the matter with you? You're being very peculiar tonight."

"Nothing's the matter with me, for heaven's sake," said Pat cuttingly. "Do you always have to go and say something like that?"

"Darling! Of course not. I didn't mean . . ."

"Listen! Please stop this ridiculous argument. I'm trying to concentrate on my letter."

"As you wish," said Ruth. She turned and went quickly out, closing the door behind her. Realization was dawning.

Her usual quiet acceptance was somewhat marred by her firmly clasped hands. With serene measured paces, she moved to her bedroom, wondering how she would possibly survive the year to come.

I. Allison, 4F.

QUOTABLE QUOTES

I have great faith in fools; self-confidence my friends call it. — E. A. Poe.

Hangover—Something to occupy a head that wasn't used the night before. — G. J. Nathan.

Always try to drive so that your licence will expire before you do. — A. McDee.

A family man is a fellow who has replaced the currency in his wallet with snapshots. — E. Wilson.

Generosity is giving more than you can, and pride is taking less than you need. — K. Gibran.

F. Haralambous, 4A.

IF YOU KNOW A LITTLE ABOUT . . .

- ★ P.B.H.S. SPORTING ACTIVITIES
- ★ P.B.H.S. MASTERS
- ★ P.B.H.S. ACTIVITIES
- ★ P.B.H.S. GROUNDS

YOU WILL BE ABLE TO COMPLETE

The P.B.H.S. Crossword Puzzle

WIN A PRIZE!

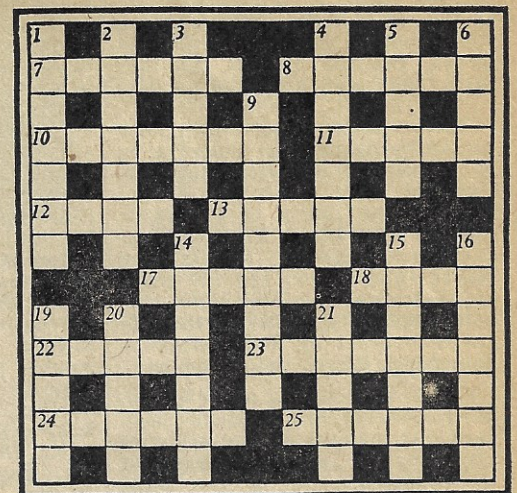
Two prizes, book tokens, each to the value of R1, will be awarded to the senders of the first two correct entries drawn. Entries close on December 8th.

ACROSS

7. Bachelors haven't a chance — Room 8 is completely empty! (2, 4).
8. Gilbert and Sullivan in Japan (6).
10. Home fry cooks up Latin verbs (7, anag.).
11. Mock is this sort of Matric (5).
12. Assembly ends on this word (4).
13. Twenty — but cricketers try for a bigger one (5).
17. Leads the first XV forwards (5).
18. You come across the second letter of the Greek alphabet quite often in Trig. (4).
22. Headman's vehicle (5).
23. Used to be Mr. Dorey's room (7).
24. Gevers in the Maths department goes to the edges (6, anag.).
25. Part of a circle (6).

DOWN

1. Cricket pitches on B and D are made from this (3-4).
2. Sounds as if the good Doctor has joined the Tvl. Ed. Dept. — yet it means moved! (7).
3. M.I.5 agents in the History department (5).
4. Hendry I, and Henry II teach us all about it! (7).
5. The school shooting team does this — quickly- (5).



6. The finest Roman of them all — in fact Shakespeare himself! (5).
9. Girls' High boarders walk in this fashion on Sunday outings! (9).
14. If the ball is — over then there is a five yard scrum (7).
15. Hypotenuse over adjacent gives these (7).
16. Cadet officers should really have whistles at the end of these (7).
19. Cover, off and on shots at cricket (5).
20. They have eight ball ones in Australian cricket (5).
21. Sounds like a lot of tramps — but Mr. Ernst would say they are ill-winds which nobody blows any good! (5).

SPORT

ATHLETICS

During the July holidays Peter Kaal, Charles Marais and Derek van Eeden were selected to attend an athletic camp at Glenmore on the Natal South Coast. Here they were trained by the Springbok athlete, Jan Barnard and a result returned home extremely fit, having benefitted greatly from the professional coaching. Due to a limited time in which to prepare themselves, the other school athletes were not at their best in the opening athletic meeting of the season against Jeppe High. The school team, captained by Malcolm Chapman, was defeated by the narrow margin of 3 points.

The inter-house meeting found the athletes in much better shape. Eight school records were broken and two equalled. The four athletes who really excelled were Bill Steytler, the winner of the Victor Ludorum; Malcolm Chapman the runner-up; Peter Kaal and Charles Marais. Steytler won the long-jump, the 110 yards hurdles open and the 220 yards hurdles open, while Chapman was placed first in the 440 yards open, the half-mile open and the 220 yards open. He won the latter event in record time.

Charles Marais entered six events in the under 15 section and had little trouble in winning them all. His versatility is shown in the fact that he excelled in the sprints as well as the long distances and jumps. In the 220 yards hurdle he established a new school record and he also equalled the 220 yards flat record.

Peter Kaal dominated the under sixteen events establishing three amazing records in the mile, 880 yards and 440 yards events. His efforts in the mile and 880 yards were phenomenal as he reduced the records for these events almost every time he ran. His eventual times beat Steven Koller's under sixteen records by 13.4 seconds in the mile and 7.8 secs. in the 880 yards. His times were 4 min. 36.4 secs. for the mile, which also incidentally beats the open record by 2.6 secs., and 2 min. dead for the 880 yards. In a special effort at the close of the athletic season Kaal, aided by Reid and Van Eeden, ran the mile in the fantastic time of 4 min. 28.8 secs.

Other records to be broken were the 75 yards hurdles under 14 by E. de Villiers and the Shot Putt Open by Gavin Meyer. B. Kruger equalled the under 14 100 yards time of 11.2 secs. The performances of Steytler, Marais and Meyer (Meyer won the 100 yards open), secured the inter-house athletic trophy for School House followed in order by Town, Arcadia, Sunnyside, Rissik and Solomon.

K.E.S., who enjoy a much longer, more concentrated season, have been our masters on the athletics track for the last few years, but this year, in one of the most memorable meetings ever, the School broke even with them scoring 87 points each. At interval the school was trailing by 2 points but with one event to go the scores totalled 81 points each. In the final event of the meeting, the 440 yards open, Malcolm Chapman, the Athletics captain, fittingly ran a brilliant race and was cheered all the way to the tape by wildly excited spectators who left their seats to line the home straight. Unfortunately K.E.S. captured 2nd and 3rd places and so we had to be content with a thrilling tie. Athletic colours were awarded to Chapman, Steytler, Mackay, Kaal and George Temple.

The school coaches for the season were Mr. Hill, who handled the long distance runners, Mr. Petty, sprinters and hurdlers, Mr. Van Aswegen, the jumpers and Mr. Dorey, who coached the shot-putters. The school is very grateful to the coaches and especially to Mr. C. Mulvenna who undertook the great burden of marking out the track and whose efficient organization accounted for such a successful season.

CRICKET

During the October holidays the school First Eleven took part in the Natal Cricket Week along with nine of the top school cricket sides in the country. The fine team spirit and attacking outlook which prevailed contributed greatly to the surprising success of the side. Of the four matches played those against Durban High, Hilton College and Maritzburg College were won, while our only defeat was against Michaelhouse. A feature of the tour was the general failure of the top order batsmen and the welcome form of middle order batsmen Funston and Edwards. Funston batted brilliantly scoring 168 runs in three innings with only once out. Steytler as always formed the backbone of the attack but he was given inspired support from Meyer and Edwards.

In the first game Steytler with 6 for 50 was mainly responsible for the dismissal of Durban High for 142 in reply to the school's 184, of which Funston got 42 not out. Meyer 5 for 43 and Steytler 3 for 16 paved the way for a truly great win against the much daunted Hilton College. They were all out for 85 to which the school replied with 105 for 5. In the last game of the tour the school batted first against Maritzburg College and looked to be in dire straits at 55 for 5. However, Edwards 48 and Funston 70 not out rescued the situation and after Higgo had hit three towering sixes in a breezy 37, Quirk was able to declare the innings closed at 232 for 8. Katz, the Maritzburg College captain, made an attempt to get the required runs, getting a brilliant 94 himself. However, he received little support and with five minutes to spare, the last wicket fell to give the school an exciting 50 run victory. Edwards, gaining appreciable turn, took 4 for 56.

After the great success achieved in Natal it was disappointing to see the school side lose five of their next six games. Despite a neat bowling effort from Higgo, 8 for 76 and a good 50 from Quirk, the school lost by 43 runs to Parktown. An easy victory against Jeppe was followed by a further defeat against St. John's, Funston being the only one to offer any resistance with a knock of 72. Against Old Boys the school were all out for 108 of which Quirk scored 64. Botten, the Springbok opening bowler took 5 for 28. Old Boys replied with 165 for 9. Steytler bowling magnificently to take 8 for 52 from 22 overs. In the remaining two matches against an Isaacs XI and K.E.S. the First Eleven lost by 3 wickets and 5 wickets respectively. The only notable performance arising from these two games was Peter Edye's fine aggressive knock of 64 against K.E.S. Full colours were awarded to all eleven regular members of the team. They were: Quirk, Steytler, Edye, Flemmer, Simpson, Higgo, Edwards, Meyer, Funston, Cornelius and A. Joubert.

The Second Eleven, led by Brian Freedman, have had a very successful season winning five of their six matches, losing only to Old Boys. The team opened the season with an exciting 16 run victory over Parktown, Sandy Fraser getting 64 and Purves taking 5 for 38. In their second game, against Jeppe, the side compiled a mammoth 292 for 6 declared of which Shain got 100 and Shaw 76. Jeppe in reply were dismissed for 140. An easy eight wicket victory over St. John's, Tindale taking 4 for 31 and Cooper top scorer with 52, was followed by the only defeat of the season to Old Boys. In the last match the school team scored a grand win against K.E.S. Fraser scoring a brilliant 114 and Freedman 42. K.E.S. who had batted earlier were all out for 109, Kleyweg taking 4 for 24 and Blackmore 3 for 33.

The third eleven, captained by Saul Spitz, won three and lost two matches. In a very close last match against K.E.S. the school

THE SCORE STANDS EVEN: 87 TO 87



Malcolm Chapman, the Athletics Captain, winning the last race against K.E.S.

(Photo: G. Hay)

side lost by one run, Crooks taking 6 for 26.

The Under 15A team won 2, lost 2 and drew 1 of their 5 matches played this season. Players to have impressed were Matthews, both as an accurate fast bowler and batsman, with a fine 111 not out against K.E.S. and a half-century against an Old Boys 3rd XI to his credit. Rogan hit a hundred against Parktown while Van der Merwe has two half-centuries to his credit. Robert Cooper, the captain, hit 56 against Parktown and Levy 66 against Old Boys. Against St. John's, Glen bowled well to take 5 for 40.

The under 14A team won 2 and drew 2 matches. Jones, Summerton, Dickie Cooper, the captain, and Katopodes have batted well, while Van Zyl, Summerton and Blignaut have been the best of the bowlers.

The Under 14B team won 2 and lost 2 matches. Grace, the captain, batted and bowled well, as did Bayford.

Messrs. Hofmeyr, C. Mulvenna, Spies, Ackerman, Petty and Temple are to be thanked on the very fine job they did coaching and generally organising cricket this year.

RUGBY

The school did not have a busy third term as regards rugby with only three matches being played.

The first and most important game of the season was that against Seuns Hoër. Tension ran high many hours before the kick-off and was maintained throughout an exciting, if not spectacular game. The final whistle was the cue for cheering school supporters to rush onto the field and enthusiastically congratulate their victorious side.

The game itself never really came alive and what little exhilarating back-play there was, came from the school side who were far more enterprising than their opponents in this department. Moreover, a lack of good ball from a generally outplayed scrum, prevented the school's three-quarters from running away with the game.

Seuns Hoër opened the score in the sixth minute with a penalty by Van Zyl. Midway through the first half, the school went into a 5-3 lead with a try by Anton Joubert converted by Fraser. However this was short-lived for Van Zyl converted Van der Merwe's try to make the half-time score 8-5 in favour of Seuns Hoër. Despite almost constant pressure from the opposition in the second half, the school managed to break away with De Villiers footing the ball over the line and diving on it under the posts. Fraser made no mistake with the crucial conversion giving the school a hard-earned 10-8 victory.

The remaining two matches were against St. John's, whom we beat 8-0 and St. Andrew's from Port Elizabeth, who beat us 5-0 in a game marred by their negative tactics and shallow lying three-quarters.

Of the sixteen matches this season, eight have been won, seven lost and 1 drawn with points 224 for and 134 against. Sandy Fraser had an exceptionally good season scoring 102 points. Chief try scorers were Spitz, Fraser, M. Joubert and E. de Villiers. First team colours were awarded to Spitz, Higgs, M. Joubert, Fraser, P. Joubert, Edye, De Villiers, A. Joubert, Harwood, S. Buitendag, Aldum and Graham.

The second team, captained by Gordon Hay, drew 6-6 with Seuns Hoër in a game where the school failed to take advantage of many good opportunities. Their last game against St. John's was lost by a five point margin, bringing their season's record to 11 matches played, 6 won, 3 lost and 2 drawn.

Neither 3rds nor 4ths had a very successful season, while 6th were the only unbeaten team of the season. The Under 14A team played some of the best rugby of the season, winning the majority of their matches and amassing 325 points for and only 40 against.

The rugby season was brought to a dramatic close with the House matches in which Solomon, as expected, won the senior division, beating School House by 5 points to nil in the final. School House and Town House were the respective winners of the Junior and Under 14 house matches with Solomon the eliminated finalists in both cases. As usual the House matches were played in a very purposeful manner. The Senior section produced particularly hard and fast rugby. Solomon were given a good deal more opposition than was expected, especially from a gallant Rissik House and a spirited, indefatigable School House.

Our sincere thanks go to all those masters who spent much of their time coaching the rugby teams, especially Messrs. Spies and Dorey who were in charge of the first and second teams.

TENNIS

During the third term the school took part in the mixed doubles league, combining with Girls' High. Two teams were entered in the Senior A League but as yet the results have not been published.

A novel match was played when the Boys' High staff teamed up with Girls' High against the Girls' High staff and our boys. It is hoped that this match will become an annual fixture.

The school first team played the touring Milton High School from Rhodesia and in a very enjoyable game lost narrowly.

The outstanding tennis success this year has been the winning of the Transvaal Inter-High Schools Cup at Ellis Park by the school first team. In the semi-finals they defeated Forest Hill and in the finals Marist Brothers, Observatory. Congratulations to Ken de Goede, the captain, R. Walsh, N. Burger and B. Copley for bringing this coveted trophy to the school and for being awarded first team colours.

The season came to a close with the Senior and Junior House matches; the Senior section being won by Arcadia in an evenly contested play-off against Sunnyside. In the Junior section, Rissik House encountered very little opposition in taking the honours.

The school extends a word of thanks to Mr. Harrop-Allin for the general organisation of our tennis, to Mr. Louis van Heerden and Mrs. Erasmus for looking after the Junior section and also to all those masters who teamed up with the boys in the much enjoyed Masters' League.

GYMNASTICS

Being a member of the gymnastics team has been very pleasant this year, except when, during the first term, gymnasts had to take part in cadet drill. This participation in cadets, needless to say, did not improve their gymnastics.

We all appreciate the advice given by Mr. Du Toit, and I am certain that the team would not have attained the success it did if it had not been for his aid.

As about 60% of the team will be leaving after this year, I sincerely hope that the gymnastic team will not dwindle away. To counter-act this possibility, I suggest that organised competitions against other schools should be arranged. As a further compensation for the efforts of the team, colours should be awarded.

D. Law.
5G.

HOCKEY

During the third term the school first team played five matches, the first being a return game against St. Alban's, who held the school to a much closer win than in the previous encounter. The score was 5-3. A very fast game against C.B.C. ended in a 1-1 draw. Against Boksburg High the school side scored its fourth victory, the score being 3-0. A return game with St. John's once again ended in a draw, neither side managing to get a goal.

In one of the most enjoyable games of the season the school shaded a very gallant Girls' High team, captained by Muffin Becker, to the tune of 2-1. Andre Cronje, our skipper, having had a brilliant, but goalless season ironically scored both the goals in this game.

The final school record reads: played 13, won 4, lost 4, drew 5. First team colours were awarded to all the eleven regular players. They were: A. Cronje, T. Quirk, I. Gedye, J. de Belleroche, G. Funston, J. Cave, M. Chapman, E. Kruger, K. Tindale, G. Henderson, M. Lambrechts.

The second team played three games of which two were lost and one drawn. The drawn game was against St. John's, the score being 1-1. The 2-1 defeats at the hands of C.B.C. and St. Alban's came as great surprises and it is obvious that seconds did not enjoy too successful a season.

The third and fourth teams also had mixed fortunes, making this one of the less successful seasons in Boys' High hockey.

In all-day inter-house tournaments, Rissik House demonstrated the great hockey talent that lies dormant in the boarding houses by taking both the Senior and Junior honours. Sunnyside and Town were the respective runners-up. The masters entered a team in the Senior tournament, adding both colour and surprising skill to the hockey. But for the pleasures, or is it vices, which one enjoys in later years, this team might well have ended on top. Those boys who hoped to settle their differences with any of the masters, most often came unstuck themselves.

Sincere thanks go to Mr. T. Mulvenna and Mr. Gibbs for coaching, umpiring and generally organising the hockey teams.

SWIMMING

Only two galas have been swum this term by both the A and B teams. In the first against Parktown the A team lost, while the B team, snatched victory by a mere 9 points. In the second gala, against K.E.S., the A team once again went down, scoring 105 points to the oppositions 116½. Van Niekerk broke the under 14 33½ yards butterfly record while Terry Downes who by recent performances has proved himself to be the most improved swimmer in the school, broke the under 16 100 yards backstroke record with a time of 64.1 secs. Other swimmers who have done particularly well this year are Peter Grobler and Philip Ettin, who has also represented the Northern Transvaal Senior Provincial Team.

Congratulations to Hank Kaal, the captain, Ettin, Davison, Kuhn, Gordon and Grobler on being awarded swimming colours for 1965.

A special word of thanks goes to all those masters concerned with swimming: Messrs. Du Toit, Viljoen, Van Aswegen, Henry and Ilsley, for their organisation and coaching.

Sports Editor: T. Quirk.